



THE

Tatler

ROYAL TERCENTENARY

& Bystander 2s. weekly 25 May 1960

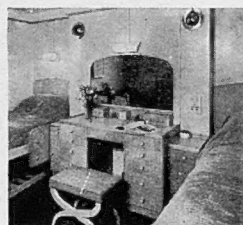


The barodiast age!

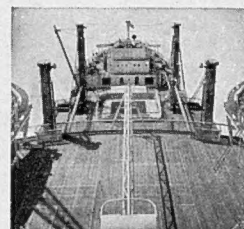
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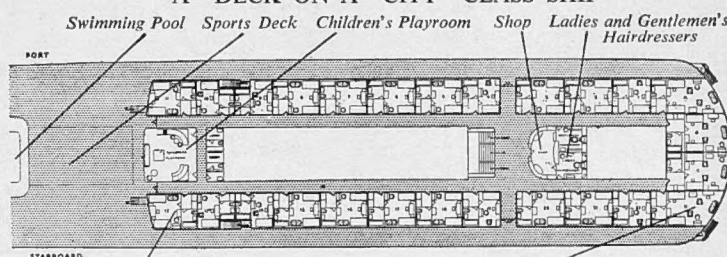


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THE Tatler

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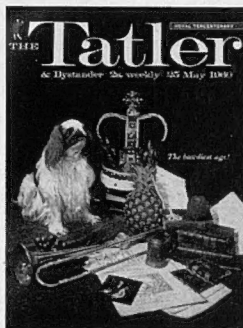
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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 7020)

ARE WE MERRIER THAN CHARLES?



Still-life (with live dog) photographed by LEWIS MORLEY to commemorate the Restoration. Contemporary items include silver State trumpet, gilt tankard and tortoiseshell-bound book from the collection of Squadron-Leader R. A. Lee, D.F.C. The Charles II print (from the National Portrait Gallery) is of J. M. Wright's portrait. Pineapples were introduced to England in his reign, as was his own breed of spaniel, which incidentally inherits various royal rights such as access to the Opera House. This spaniel is Clarissima of St. Lucia from Miss McLintock of Mount Charles King Charles Spaniels, 19 Chartfield Ave., S.W.15

THE DOG and the crown on the cover give the game away. It's a King Charles spaniel, named after the Merry Monarch who was restored to the throne 300 years ago this month. His reign, which ended Puritanism, is popularly remembered as *The bawdiest age!* But an article of that name by Richard Findlater, the book critic and theatrical historian, makes out a stronger case against the 1960s than the 1660s (page 440), what with all the strip shows and so on. And when was literature more salacious? *The provocative paperbacks* should end all argument! (page 443). . . . The more you go into it the more you find Charles II has left his mark. Smoking, for example, made little headway under Cromwell, but look what's happened since. Today not even the Budget's 2d. can stop the profusion of new brands, and the West End might as well be renamed *Tobacco Road* (page 444). . . . And then there's the question of Charles's descendants, who are many, though not royal. See *Guess the link* (page 439), not that that leaves much to guess about. . . . Finally there's the Chelsea Flower Show, which opens today—the Royal Hospital where it is held was Nell Gwynn's doing, of course. The show inspires Mary Macpherson to some thoughts about *How lovesome a thing is a gardener?* (page 452). . . .

Nowadays' monarchs are no longer at the summit and presidents and dictators dispose of the great cities that were once royal capitals. The current instance is divided Berlin, which Ida Kar visited last year. She brought back some pictures of *Berlin behind the barrier*, where the Reds rule (page 453). . . . Vienna has been luckier and Austria has full independence. The Ambassador in London is Prince Schwarzenberg, who has a fine collection of art treasures. Gerti Deutsch has photographed *An ambassador's art* (page 466). . . . Incidentally the new British Ambassador to Ireland, Sir Ian MacLennan, didn't fare so well in The Tatler's picture report of the All-Ireland hunter trials (20 April). He got chopped off the picture in which he was chatting to Col. J. H. Dudgeon and the right name was given to the wrong gentleman. Apologies to both. . . .

What else? Social reports this week cover polo at Cowdray Park, the Duchess of Leeds's exhibition of paintings, Lady Dorothy Macmillan at the Spring Fair, and a champagne party given by the Lord Chief Justice & Lady Parker (page 446 onwards). . . . Fashion, called *Playing it cool*, is about resort wear for the summer and was photographed on the rooftops of Florence (page 457 onwards). . . . The beauty page has some tips for the younger faces (page 464). . . .

Next week:

A summertime living number. . . . June's for eating out all over. . . . There's a summer place. . . . Italy's university for foreigners only.



Going Places

SOCIAL

Mayflower Ball, Grosvenor House, tonight, in aid of International Society for the Welfare of Cripples. Tickets: 3 gns. from Mrs. L. Sutton, 55 Park Lane, W.1.

Chelsea Flower Show, Royal Chelsea Hospital, to 27 May. (Private View today.)

Justice Ball, Quaglino's, 27 May. Tickets: £2 10s. from Secretary, 1 Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, E.C.4.

Air Ball, Dorchester, 1 June, in aid of Air League of British Empire. Tickets: 3 gns. from Mrs. M. Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gdns., S.W.7.

Royal Agricultural College May Ball, 3 June. Tickets: 57s. 6d. (double) from D.A.G. Reid, R.A.C., Cirencester.

Oxford Dances: Pembroke College Eights Week Dance, Keble College Summer Ball, 27 May; Brasenose College Eights Week Dance, 28 May.

SPORT & SHOWS

Cricket: South Africans v. Northants (Northampton), to 27 May; v. Notts (Trent Bridge), 28, 30, 31 May.

Golf: British Open Amateur Cham-

pionship, Royal Portrush, Co. Antrim, 28 May; Ladies' British Open Amateur Championship, Royal St. David's, Harlech, 30 May-2 June.

National Gliding Week, Perranporth, Cornwall; Tebay Gill, Westmorland; Portmoak, Kinross-shire, 28 May-6 June.

Woburn Abbey Show-jumping championships and Horse Trials, 28 May.

Cambridgeshire County Show, 27, 28 May.

Bath & West Show, 1-4 June.

MUSICAL

Bath Festival. To 28 May.

Glyndebourne Opera Festival. To 16 August. *I Puritani*, *Falstaff* and (10 June) *Der Rosenkavalier*. (WEL 1010.)

Claydon Concert, Claydon House, Bucks. The Amadeus String Quartet, 7 p.m., 29 May. (MAY 5091.)

Sadler's Wells. Offenbach's *Orpheus In The Underworld*. 7.30 p.m. Saturdays, 2.30 p.m. To 11 June. (TER 1672-3.)

Covent Garden Opera. Richard Strauss's *Elektra*. 7.30 p.m., 30 May. (COV 1066.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 16 August.

Sickert (paintings & drawings), Tate Gallery, S.W.1. To 19 June.

Austrian Painting & Sculpture 1900 to 1960, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, S.W.1. To 4 June. (Reviewed on page 471.)

English Chintz, Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7. To 17 July.

Stephen Spurrer, R.A. (circus paintings and other subjects), R.S.B.A. Gallery, 6½ Suffolk St., S.W.1.

EXHIBITIONS & FAIRS

"The Restoration" Exhibition, National Book League, Albermarle St., 26 May-22 July.

Reading County Fair. To 4 June.

GARDENS

Richmond Green, Richmond. Three small gardens, Cedar Grove, 1 Maids of Honour Row, Old Court House. 2-7 p.m. 29 May. Adm. (all three) 2s. 6d.

Squerries Court, Westerham, Kent, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. 28 May. Adm. 1s.

FIRST NIGHTS

Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. *The Tempest*, 2 June.

This £5,015 platinum-set tiara, worn with other jewels worth nearly £39,000, is on view at the Garrard Jewellery Exhibition, at 112 Regent St. It will remain open until Friday next, from 9 a.m. until 5.30 p.m.

Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. *Tomorrow With Pictures*, 1 June.

Old Vic. *Henry V*, 31 May.

Pitlochry Festival. *Napoleon In Love*, 28 May.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 468.

Rhinoceros. "... One of the choicest contemporary theatrical pleasures ... Sir Laurence Olivier creating character before our eyes." Laurence Olivier, Joan Plowright, Duncan Macrae, Gladys Henson, Alan Webb. (Royal Court Theatre, SLO 1745.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 470.

The Big Fisherman. "What agony these epics are! ... somewhat strip-cartoon approach to the Scriptures ... the dialogue throughout is plain atrocious." (Astoria, GER 5385.)



The comfort of Ireland

by DOONE BEAL

IN places of remote and primitive beauty—some of the Greek islands, for example, and parts of Yugoslavia—one must often expect to sacrifice some comforts in the way of hotel accommodation and possibly food. But Ireland, though it hasn't the same scorching sunshine, can offer, even in the wildest places, some of the best and most comfortable hotels. Last week I wrote of touring the south-west, based for convenience on the main city of Cork. Apart from exploring the country by car, though, the *raison d'être* of a holiday in Ireland is the fishing, the golf, good food and relaxation. The hotel becomes much more of a living place than merely somewhere to sleep. Some of the nicest hotels are on the small side,

independent, and very much the personal concern of the proprietor. These hotels get heavily booked by their devotees, and in listing half a dozen of them I urge those who take me seriously to lose no time in making arrangements to stay there.

Some of the best fishing is to be had at Cahir, some 50 miles inland from Cork. The Cahir House Hotel is old-fashioned and comfortable, with open fires, lace curtains, lots of chintz, and some rather unlikely but impressive Empire furniture. Trout and salmon fishing on the river Suir is available to guests, and also some reserved fishing through the local anglers' club. I should make it clear that in nearly all the hotels, some fishing, including trout, is free to guests. To fish salmon you must of course have a licence (£1 for six days), but even where the waters are reserved, the highest fee

quoted for salmon fishing is £1 a day, and it can be as little as 30s. a week, depending on the waters.

Glengarriff, at the head of Bantry Bay, is the first point at which the Gulf Stream hits the Irish coast, so the landscape is a heady mixture of water and rocky islets with wild fuchsia blooming in the hedges, a profusion of rhododendron, azalea, magnolia trees, and even palms and cactus. In the Glengarriff area, I particularly liked Ardnagashel House. Apart from the sea fishing on the doorstep, there are three rivers near the house, all holding sea trout and salmon—but being spate rivers, the fishing is dependent on the weather. The proprietor of the hotel, a sophisticated character named Ronald Kaulback, told me that he relays the serious fishermen elsewhere and prefers guests who take the fishing as it comes and are equally happy to play golf, play with Aqualungs among the rocks, swim, walk or simply loaf. Great pride is taken in the food and the cellar. Children under 10 are not encouraged.

Near Parknasilla, on the Ring of Kerry, is an intimate, comfortable guest house called Tahilla Cove. It

Torc Falls, Killarney

is on a creek, with huge windows looking over a terrace to the bare, russet-covered hillocks with landscapes of cool grey stone, flaming gorse and broom, moss, bracken and bog. There is rough shooting as well as free fishing, and some of the nicest ambling country imaginable. Don't be put off by the term "guest house"—Tahilla Cove is fully licensed, with excellent food. Charles Waterhouse, the proprietor, prefers to be categorized as a guest house because he likes to devote his energy to his guests and not be obliged to put on afternoon teas to casual visitors.

In quite a different category is the Great Southern Hotel, at Parknasilla itself. It really amounts to a self-contained resort, with its own nine-hole golf course, tennis courts, fishing, and dancing in the evening. It has its own shop, and a motor boat which one can hire for trips around the islets and the bay. There is also a nice little beach, and like the rest of this coast, Gulf Stream waters. This luxury hotel is big by comparison with the others I list—and also is the most expensive of them—but it has really comfortable, well-decorated bedrooms with private bath. Those fishing the waters and gardens cost £10s. per person (including all food) in the high season.

When I reached the Butler's Arms at Waterville—at the westernmost tip of the Kerry Ring—I was greeted by the suggestion that after the long drive I must need a drink, and should they send a gin and tonic up to my bedroom? The rest of the personal service was to match. Their home-cured smoked salmon, too, was unforgettable! Mr. and Mrs. William Huggard run this hotel on simple lines, catering primarily for fishermen and those who want agreeable company, delicious local food and relaxation. Rough shooting is available as well as fishing, and there is a nine-hole golf course nearby.

Killarney has a number of hotels in the town itself, but I liked the Lake Hotel—right on the water—whose view alone is reason to stay there. It is large, old fashioned—almost baronial—but comfortable, with good food. In August, it could be a haven away from the main tourist stream which hits Killarney itself.

Rates at these hotels range from 12 to 17 guineas a week, inclusive. Cahir House, the Butler's Arms, and the Lake are open all the year, the other three from April to mid-October only.

The best way is to fly to Dublin, take the train to Killarney and hire a self-drive car on the spot; or else to take your own car on the boat from Fishguard to Rosslare (from £14 10s. for a small car, plus £2 for each passenger) or Fishguard to Cork, which is closer.



by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Garner's, 27 Wardour Street (south of Shaftesbury Avenue). (GER 1287.) C.S. Answers the question where can we eat before (or after) the theatre. It is in the right place, has a pleasant atmosphere and swift service, and the bill is moderate. Fish is a speciality. Farmers and their wives visiting London for the agricultural shows like to lunch and dine there, which speaks well for the quality of the food. W.B.

Jaspers, 4 Bourne Street, Sloane Square. (SLO 6445.) Open 5.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. C.S. In the 1900s this was a good pull up for vanmen and hansom-cab drivers, and young Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Pariser have re-created it as an Edwardian restaurant with brass lamps, coloured prints, marble-top tables and all. The well-cooked, moderately priced food is splendidly English—jellied eels, boiled beef and carrots and the like—and in the background there is barrel organ music. Take your own bottle—no corkage charge—or send across the way. W.B.

Massey's Chop House, Beauchamp Place, S.W.2. (KEN 4856.) C.S. After the war Charles Massey pioneered the return of the genuine charcoal grill to London. He is an expert with it, using highest quality meat, properly basted chickens and fish, like salmon, that lend themselves to grilling. I can also give high praise to his *pâté maison*. The wines, especially the claret, are carefully chosen. W.B.

Aperitif Grill, 102 Jermyn Street. (WHI 1571.) C.S. This restaurant, cocktail bar and buttry, so popular with theatre-goers, is under the same management as Quaglino's. The manager, Leo Ertioni, is an outstanding figure in his profession and the Aperitif is a witness to his accumulated skill. W.B.

The phoenix of La Marche

Hotel Saint-Francois, Guéret. A pleasant small country town in beautiful wooded country, Guéret lies about 30 miles east of N 20—the Paris-Orleans-Limoges-Cahors-Toulouse road. In a fit of spite the departing Germans burnt down the Saint-Francois. Rebuilt, it is one of the best appointed and most comfortable provincial hotels in France. To reach it, going southwards, turn off N 20 on to N 143 at Chateauroux and then on to N 140 at La Châtre.

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(being a treatise on quarts in pint pots...)

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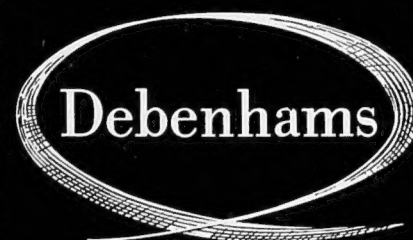
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Gainsborough Room—First Floor



Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams at the Auberge de la Moutière, fashionable country restaurant at Montfort L'Amaury, forty kilometres from Paris.

Pierre Balmain at





THE TATLER & BYSTANDER

25 MAY 1960



Lord Montagu of Beaulieu



Lady Anne Tennant



Dr. Percy Herbert, the former Bishop of Norwich



The Marchioness of Salisbury

GUESS THE LINK



Lord Pakenham



The Marchioness of Bristol

THE LINK is the royal blood of Charles II, to whom all the people in these pictures can trace their descent. Along with others listed below they are lineal descendants of his through royal liaisons of three centuries ago. For example: *By Nell Gwynn* (descending through the Duke of St. Albans), Mr. David Somerset, heir to Duke of Beaufort, the Hon. Iris Peake (Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Margaret), the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Marchioness of Bristol. . . . *By Barbara Villiers*, Dr. Percy Herbert, the Earl of Westmorland, Lord Pakenham, the Marquess of Hertford. . . . *By Louise de Kerouaille* (Duchess of Portsmouth), Countess Alexander of Tunis, Lady Moyra Hamilton (Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Alexandra), the Duchess of Portland. . . . *By Lucy Walter*, the Earl of Dalkeith, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Mr. Mark Longman, Lady Anne Tennant. . . . Altogether more than 30 noble families are linked with Charles II

PHOTOS: DESMOND O'NEILL

The bawdiest age!



The reputation of the Restoration for licence is due for revision amid the expanding liberties of the 1960s

by RICHARD FINDLATER

FOR 300 years sniggering legend has enshrined the monstrous randiness of the Restoration. Never before or since—so the fable goes—has our rough island story been quite so blue. Yet in the business of national bawdiness Good King Charles's Golden Days (as Shaw labelled them) are clearly eclipsed by the era of Queen Elizabeth II. Some of the opportunities open to citizens of the Opportunity State would blanch even the rouged cheeks of Nell Gwyn. And after a quick tour of modern London's bookshops, cinemas and theatres her royal protector—"that known enemy to Virginitie and Chastity"—would call in his censors and start cleaning up the town.

Millions throughout Britain now enjoy—in print, on the stage, on the cinema and TV screens—a freedom of expression in public entertainment on a scale unparalleled in English history. Take the boom in nudity, for example. Female flesh is now exposed to the public with a ladylike generosity that would have shocked the sirens of the Restoration stage. In the cinema tactful shots of naked women are becoming conventional interruptions of full-dress films. Sometimes—as in *I'm All Right, Jack*—the girls bare themselves for comic effect. Sometimes their stripping is meant to be taken more seriously, as in the new French film *Lunch on the Grass*, where the glimpse of a naked girl bathing helps to reorient the personal interests of an expert in artificial insemination.

Nudist colonies, too, are now beginning to

colonize the screen, for whole films are devoted—with somewhat suspect altruism—to their cause. The "star" of *Travelling Light* (now showing in London) is "Britain's leading naturist," in the altogether. Almost.

True, a colour bar still controls the peek-a-boo screening of the body beautiful. Black breasts may be shown with a freedom denied to Anglo-American whites. And the mammary liberties taken by Continental filmmakers are left by our censor on the cutting-room floor. But the censor can be circumvented and the new film clubs now spreading throughout the country may offer British filmgoers equality of opportunity with Inner Six addicts of cinematic striptease. They can show members the genuine, uncut article (for what it's worth).

In the seediest realms of live entertainment Londoners can already enjoy that kind of opportunity, thanks to the striptease "theatre clubs" that have mushroomed all over the West End in the last few years. Generations of pop-eyed males have been staring for years at statue-like posers, in travelling "French" revues and at the institutional Windmill. But the Lord Chamberlain only allowed those bored nudes to exhibit if they promised to keep quite, quite still. London's new "intimate" clubs—often no better than overcrowded rooms—are not umpired by the stage censor. Their strippers can move as they please, if there's any space for exercise.

What would Samuel Pepys have said, I wonder, about "Amorous Anna in the

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

BAWDINESS ON THE WEST END STAGE *may be judged from the fact that no fewer than four current plays are set in or near brothels. In one of them, Brendan Behan's The Hostage (from which the incident opposite was photographed by John Cowan), the entire action occurs in a brothel and the language is uninhibited enough to rouse Rochester's envy.*

The portrait of Charles II (at top) is from an engraving by Cornelis van Dalen, after Pieter Nason, in 1660. It appears in Patrick Morrah's new 1660, The Year of Restoration (Chalto & Windus, 21s.)



The bawdiest age!

CONTINUED



Film posters, especially for Continental films, have developed a sensational technique, with ample prominence for the "X" certificate—a draw in itself



The serialized memoirs of Diana Dors, billed as "I've been a naughty girl," caused a big stir



Elvis Presley and his imitators deny that their hip-wiggling antics are suggestive, but they still do it

Sexiest Strip in Town," now advertised at the Keyhole Western Theatre and Ranch Bar? And what would he have thought of the sexy cover now wrapped around his own diary (in paperback form)? Here is another symptom of the curious bawdiness of the age. For serious tomes are sold in profusion with the help of lurid covers showing jutting busts and bared rumps that have absolutely nothing to do with the print inside.

In books—and in plays and films, too—the frankness of language and sensationalism of theme has no counterpart in Restoration life. Take, first, the question of language. In a club theatre like the Arts you may, at times, hear almost all the four-letter favourites still excluded from the average small talk of mixed company. On the public stage, where an occasional "bloody" was the limit for Aunt Edna not so long ago, words like "bastard" and "arse" are often heard.

And the double-meanings of obscene slang are sometimes used with a cheerful fluency—in *New Cranks* and *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be*—that would make Wycherley and Farquhar quite envious. Revue audiences seem to applaud daringness for its own sake,

regardless of whether wit accompanies it.

Remember that when people talk about the immorality of the Restoration they mean a tiny circle around the royal family and the stage, where sexual experiment—then as later—was not unknown. Outside that circle the Puritanism that pushed Charles I off the throne was still strong. Bawdy poems and plays were seen by only a handful of top people and their servants. Novels and newspapers were in their infancy. London's two theatres were the only ones in the country, and often they could scarcely make ends meet, so thin were the audiences.

Nowadays, in print anything goes. Where asterisks once blocked the way, the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables of all-male sex-talk now riot in running commentaries of self-conscious realism. Some authors delight in describing natural functions—and decidedly unnatural ones, too, at times. Explicit scenes of normal heterosexual copulation have been freely published for some years. The acceptance of that kind of literary candour is symbolized by Penguins' forthcoming publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in its unbawdlerized entirety. But there is also a swelling flood of

books broaching subjects that were once upon a time barred from print—or public ventilation of any kind.

Homosexual love is now a popular theme of Anglo-American minority fiction. No Restoration author would have dared to write a recent novel which recorded in detail, without rousing any comment, the seduction by a Lesbian of a young girl. And though some of those Stuart courtiers were titillated by hints of sexual perversion, where in Restoration literature are the counterparts of current novels clinically preoccupied with incest, flagellation and even necrophilia?

Such topics are still—overtly, at least—taboo in the theatre, cinema and television. Yet here, too, there is a daring exploitation of once-forbidden territory.

Consider the recent apotheosis of the prostitute as a popular heroine, and the documentation of her trade. Four West End successes—*Irma la Douce*, *The World of Suzie Wong*, *The Hostage* and *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be*—are set in or near brothels. True-to-life tarts have chatted to the nation on television about their occupational difficulties, and victims of venereal disease have



Strip-show advertisements occupy several pages of a current West End entertainment guide

discussed their troubles, too. Queues have formed outside "specialist" cinemas for cross-Channel epics about the misadventures of French and Italian ladies of the town. And now Anglo-American films, which have so far lagged behind, are coming up with at least one screen autobiography of a street-walker.

That's not all. To realize just how far British show business has gone in the last few years, you need only look at a film like *Peeping Tom*, which charts the perverted pleasures of a sadistic killer. Also showing in the West End now is *Suddenly, Last Summer*, whose dramatic highpoint is a homosexual's death by cannibalism. Beside that kind of entertainment the world of average Restoration comedy seems full of sweetness and light and decorum.

Is our new freedom of expression a bad thing? Certainly not, though it is occasionally abused. Should we have stricter censorship? Not at all. But we should—in this tercentenary year—stop talking about Restoration England as a sink of iniquity, and realize that our own age has a far better claim to be the bawdiest yet.

PROVOCATIVE PAPERBACKS

are a new development to match the bawdiness of the age. The formula is to take a daring classic or best-seller, preferably deck it out with a promising cover and add a blurb full of words like "frank" and "shocking." A directory of a dozen examples follows:

LYSISTRATA by *Aristophanes* (Faber, 5s.): Has a new following since its revival in the West End made a non-classical generation aware that it is about a marital strike by wives.

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME, by *Polly Adler* (Ace, 3s. 6d.): It's a New York brothel and these are the memoirs of the amiable retired madam.

THE PHILANDERER, by *Stanley Kaufman* (Penguin, 3s. 6d.): This tale of an ad-man's amours managed to beat a prosecution for obscene libel and has never looked back.

MEMOIRS OF HECATE COUNTY, by *Edmund Wilson* (Panther, 5s.): The heroine is not only blonde and unfaithful but wears a brace and has a guilt complex.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, by *Norman Mailer* (Panther, 3s. 6d.): A long, tedious account of American soldiers fighting the Japanese and each other, liberally punctuated by obscene American expletives.

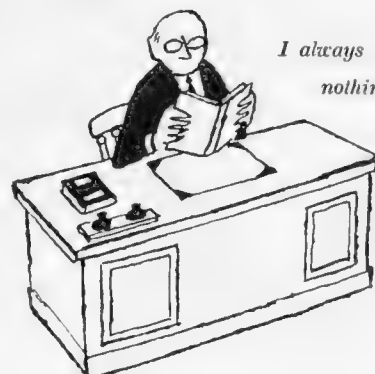
LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER, by *D. H. Lawrence* (Ace, 3s. 6d.): Even this expurgated version sells, pending the complete Penguin threatened for this summer, printers permitting.

AND SO TO BED, by *Samuel Pepys* (Bestseller Library, 3s. 6d.): A mildly suggestive title for a mildly suggestive selection from the famous diary.

FATAL INTIMACY, by *Emil Zola* (Bestseller Library, 3s. 6d.): Poor Zola called this novel *Madeleine Ferat*, but obviously that wasn't half titillating enough for the 1960s.

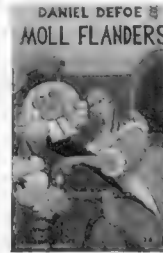
MOLL FLANDERS, by *Daniel Defoe* (Bestseller Library, 3s. 6d.): The old classic packaged for the modern market, with garish cover and blurb about "unbridled passions . . . abandonment and vice."

PEYTON PLACE, by *Grace Metalious* (Pan, 3s. 6d.): Small-town affairs in America, spiced with incest and, as the blurb puts it (with smacking lips), "shockingly honest."



THE WOMAN OF ROME, by *Alberto Moravia* (Penguin, 3s. 6d.): The making of a prostitute described in long and dispassionate detail, from her beginnings as an artist's model to the suicide of one of her lovers.

SIDONIE, by *Alphonse Daudet* (Bestseller Library, 3s. 6d.). Career of a cocotte in the music-halls of Paris during the second Empire, with passion alternating with ambition.





'Change to Albany' (but bring your birth certificate)



'Skilfully blended, expertly packed'—a rush-hour speciality



ALBANY
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'Made for modern living' (ask Mr. Fenston)

SITE OF ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

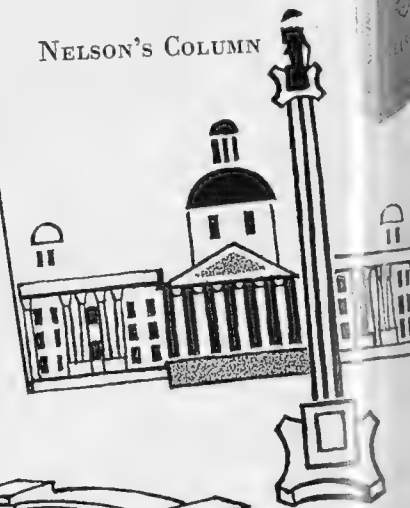


'Everything's right'—or is it?



PALL MALL

NELSON'S COLUMN



ST. JAMES'S PALACE



'Men everywhere are changing . . .', especially at St. James's



'Twenty tall Viscounts'—see them from the public gallery



ADMIRALTY



Not recommended for parking



HOUSE OF LORDS



'Good old Holborn'

HOLBORN



'You'r: never alone'

'Your kind'—perhaps
on Thursdays at the
Strand theatre?
Anna Neagle in
'The More the Merrier'



KINGSWAY



'The big way, the modern way'
—at £1,380 a minute

TELEVISION HOUSE



STRAND



'People love players'



Ever since the plague set Charles II's subjects
chain-smoking their clay pipes for disinfection, the tobacco
habit has been gaining ground. Indeed in parts of the

West End, what with new brands bagging the
swankiest names, the take-over has been almost total. A
visitor who asks for, say, a matinée is now quite likely to get handed a filter
tip. To record the way the colonial leaf has colonized the capital this illustrated
map charts the contemporary route of

Tobacco Road

MAPPED BY SHEILA BRIDGLAND PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEWIS MORLEY

A. V. SWAEBE PHOTOGRAPHS

The Duchess of Leeds's exhibition

Private-view day brought an eminent crowd with plenty of buyers

Mr. Paul Davie, the Duchess of Leeds's cousin, with Countess Fracca. Mr. Davie went to see the exhibition on his way to a City dinner



The Hon. Lady Cooper-Key, her father Viscount Rothermere and Sir Neill Cooper-Key, Conservative M.P. for Hastings since 1945



NO WONDER the Duchess of Leeds's smile was as bright as her paintings at the Wilton Gallery. One third of the pictures in her first one-man (one-woman?) show were sold within hours of opening. Not everybody was buying though. "I think some of the paintings very clever, very well done," commented Viscount Chandos who came with his wife (who is the Duke of Leeds's sister). "But I don't expect to be buying . . . trouble is I don't seem to have an inch of wall space left on which to hang anything." I hadn't seen Lord Chandos at a party for some time. He's been busy with his report on whether the Government should help replace the "Queen" liners. It's due any day now.

The paintings brought together people from a wide range of life. The Duchess of Bedford was there, and so were Sir John Rothenstein, Count & Countess Fracca (recently come from Cyprus to make their home here), Major & Mrs. Ivor Ramsden, Sir Neil Cooper-Key, M.P. (completely recovered from his recent illness) & the Hon. Lady Cooper-Key who were going round the exhibition with her father, Viscount Rothermere, and Mrs. Henry Vatcher, the Duchess's mother.

Others I saw were Mr. Geoffrey & the Hon. Mrs. Agnew, Mr. & Mrs. Humphrey Walrond, and the Hon. Mrs. Reginald

Fellowes, great South of France party-giver, whose portrait was in the exhibition. Mr. Angus Hood was also looking at his portrait in the pink coat (27 years old) of the Heythrop Hunt. In this age of businessmen's luncheons there are not many men who could be painted in the pink coat made for them 27 years ago.

As well as portraits the Duchess paints landscapes, and with verve too. "I had to finish some of them off sitting at my easel in a fur coat," she told me. "The South of France hasn't been itself this winter. It's been very cold."

I met many of the Duke & Duchess's relations, who were bunched round the pictures and overspilling into the back garden (which the waiters were trying to keep clear of everything except tubs of ice and champagne). Lady Camilla Godolphin Osborne, the Duke's daughter by a previous marriage, waited at the door for the arrival of her grandfather, Brigadier Desmond Young, and then took him by the hand to see her portrait.

THE LORD CHIEF AT HOME

When the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Parker of Waddington, and his Kentucky-born wife asked about a hundred

*People and paintings**Champagne with Lord Parker**Polo at Cowdray**Parties for Prime Ministers***BY MURIEL BOWEN**

The Duchess of Leeds with her step-daughter, Lady Camilla Osborne, in front of her portrait

Viscount & Viscountess Chandos. Lady Chandos is the Duke of Leeds's only sister



rou: for a champagne party it was, for many of their friends, the first opportunity of seeing their new house in Hill Street. It's one of these solid but attractive 18th-century houses, not large but with a nice big dining-room and a cosy drawing-room. The walls have exquisite unstained panelling, a mellow background for the Parkers' old English and Italian paintings. And many women would dispense with the attractive appurtenances to be able to say of their homes what Lady Parker told me about hers: "It has the happiest atmosphere, which must be due to the family with five young children who lived in it before us."

As Lord & Lady Parker are both country-bred, having their main base in London is a big change. For years they devoted themselves to building up a first-rate herd of Jerseys at Wickham Place in Essex. Now all that has been given up. The Lord Chief's legal work doesn't allow time for it. There is another reason too (one that has gone virtually unnoticed here)—Lord Parker's great and growing interest in the Commonwealth. Last year he and his wife went on a long tour through Canada as guests of the Canadian Bar Association. Now they are looking forward to New Zealand and to Malaya—probably next year.

Underlining this interest at the party was

the number of prominent people from different parts of the Commonwealth, such as Mr. John Diefenbaker, the Canadian Prime Minister, and Mrs. Diefenbaker.

Lady Parker is one of those tireless Americans, full of plans, full of achievements and managing both in an effortless sort of way. She follows up her husband's interest in youth and manages to ally it to her country's genius for making money. She raised nearly £5,000 recently for the Rugby Boys' Club with one single performance of *Flower Drum Song*—an effort that has

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Countess of Bessborough (standing) opened the meeting (to plan the Victoria League Ball on June 28) in Lady Adeane's sitting-room in St. James's Palace. Seated from left: Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, Bt., Lady Adeane, Mary Duchess of Devonshire, Col. E. G. H. Clarke, Sir Ivison Macadam. Below: Mrs. R. W. Clark (left), Mrs. M. Price

Tea at Lady Adeane's



Mrs. Gilbert Matthews & Miss P. Marshall. Below: The Begum Yousuf



PHOTOS
LEWIS MORLEY



Roger Hill

THE SPRING FAIR

to raise funds for the Royal College of Nursing was pitched for two days in Holland Park. There were sideshows, a tombola and various food, clothing and gardening stalls. Lady Mary Bailey (right) helped run one of them



Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, M.P., conducted a Dutch auction, helped by the Marchioness of Lothian. Right: Dr. Mary Nunan, from Wallington, won a Flower Arrangement Competition. Below: Lady Dorothy Macmillan opened the Spring Fair



become a talking-point wherever charity organizers gather.

The Lord Chief Justice and his wife spend the occasional weekend at their cottage in Kent. Otherwise, nowadays, their country links are few. I suggested that perhaps she will take up golf. She was aghast; she won't do anything "so unproductive as that." She's going to grow odd things (in window boxes and pots) and "pretend it's gardening." She and her husband share a wide range of hobbies which include, besides travelling, bird-watching and collecting old books. The only thing they don't seem to share is an English accent. After 37 years of marriage to an Englishman Lady Parker still speaks with the warm tones of Kentucky.

PARTY TIME FOR P.M.s

Once the communiqué had been issued at the end of the Commonwealth conference the Prime Ministers had reached the port-and-brandy stage of their visit. "I went to the races yesterday at Hurst Park—very good racing but I lost money," said the Prime Minister of Malaya, **Tunku Abdul Rahman**. We were chatting at a party given for him by his brother, **Tunku Ya'acob**, who is the Malayan High Commissioner in London.

The Tunku (he's a prince of one of the leading dynasties in Malaya) wasn't at all downcast about his losses. He's staying on for holidays which will take in the Derby and the Oaks. So he hopes for better luck.

The English unbend easily with the Malays—it must be the Malayan charm that does it. Anyway Tunku Ya'acob's house in Portland Place was full of retired generals and British tin and rubber notables who were delighting in the way they were being introduced to each other as "old Malaysans."

Field Marshal Sir Gerald & Lady Templer were much sought after. He was High Commissioner out there in the difficult terrorist days, and she became something of a legend for the way she got the Malays interested in Women's Institutes. "They still send me the minutes of their meetings and write about all their pioneering activities," she told me. "They have even put off their annual general meeting from September until October so that I can be there." Lady Templer started the institutes off from scratch and now there are over 12,000 women in over 300 branches, "all multi-racial too."

Field Marshal Ayub Khan, President of Pakistan, is another of the Commonwealth leaders with very English pursuits. When I met him at the **Earl of Inchcape's** house in Regent's Park he told me about his visit to Windsor for the polo. A couple of days later he went to the Royal Windsor Horse Show. At the polo Prince Philip brought out the two ponies the President presented to him last

LORD PARKER OF WADDINGTON, who has been Lord Chief Justice since 1958, is 60 on Saturday. He has a new home in Hill Street Mayfair, where he was photographed with Lady Parker (their first party there is reported by **Muriel Bowen**). Lord Parker is the son of a celebrated Lord of Appeal and chose the same hereditary keepers of the Forest of Bowland since medieval times

Barry Swales

year. This turned out to be very lucky for Pakistan's High Commissioner, **Lieut.-Gen. Mohammad Yousuf**, as the Prince offered him the ponies for a game.

"I love my polo here," the High Commissioner told me, "but I am not so lucky on the racecourse. I have lost a lot of money on Mr. Whitney's horses." Mr. **Jock Whitney** is, of course, the United States Ambassador.

Lord Inchcape gave the party as President of the Royal India, Pakistan & Ceylon Society. He has one of the loveliest gardens in London, and with the daffodils blooming along the sides of the crazy-paved terrace it was looking its best. The **Aga Khan** was there—it was a few hours before his father was killed. There were also Mr. & Mrs. **Christmas Humphreys**, Lord & Lady **Killearn** (he told me that Viscount Esher and Lord Brabazon of Tara are currently the two wittiest speakers in the House of Lords). I met the **Maharajah of Cooch Behar**, whose English wife was quite the prettiest woman there, and **Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck**. Sir Claude was amused to be told by one guest that she had read most of his 900-page biography while waiting on the telephone for trunk calls to come through.

SQUALLS AND STALLS

Amid all the sunshine the Royal College of Nursing was unlucky to pick two bad days for their Spring Fair in Holland Park. A sharp wind and occasional squalls were a great dampener on the enthusiasm of stallholders. Despite months of planning put in by **Lady Heald** and her committee, shoppers were disappointingly few.

In her opening speech **Lady Dorothy Macmillan** stressed the research side of

CONCLUDED OVERLEAF



nursing. The **Marchioness of Lothian** introduced Lady Dorothy as "a great gardener." Personally I liked the way she surveyed the various bits and pieces being raffled and said crisply: "Tickets for just the teddybear and the whisky—I could do with either."

HOME TO THE HALL

The annual golf tournament at the Roehampton Club in aid of the British Limbless Ex-Service Men's Association now has such a niche on the social calendar that the number of people who are turned down far exceeds the 160 who play. "People have suggested having something similar at other clubs as well, but we believe that at Roehampton the competition has a personal touch all its own," Mrs. C. Frankland Moore told me. She's the moving spirit behind the whole thing and her husband helps her as a sort of chief of staff.

Mrs. **Marley Spearman**, the Curtis Cup player, and Mr. **Douglas Sewell** again won the Scratch Event, and the **Earl of Ancaster** and the **Countess of Hardwicke** won the event for

a limbless player and partner, turning in a score which was two under bogey for the course.

Lord Ancaster has now moved back to Swinstead Hall, his Lincolnshire home after living for 20 years in a small house on the estate. With the Duke of Devonshire having just done the same it seems to be the start of a new trend. "I've always wanted to go back to the old house where I lived as a child," Lord Ancaster told me.

PROSPECTS FOR POLO

Cowdray Park has been the undisputed centre of English polo since the war, so I went down to hear something of this season's plans. **Viscount Cowdray** told me that he expects some very good polo for the Cowdray Park Gold Cup, the finals of which are on 10 July. The United States team will be captained by Alan Corey who with a handicap of nine is one of the best players in the world. France currently holds the cup and will be defending, and Argentina will also have a team.

The Indians are already here and for the first time they too will be competing as a team. "We're thrilled that we have a team for the Cup this year," said **Rao Raja Hanut Singh**, India's full-back. He's an artist with a stick and ball and the great draw for the crowd at Cowdray Park.

Not since Indian independence has a team from this country played in India, but Hanut hopes that one will go over next year. "The Calcutta Polo Club celebrates its centenary in 1961 and the (Indian) Government is keen to have a team from Britain." If Hanut had his way all consolidations of international relations would result in an exchange of polo teams instead of Foreign Ministers.

It struck me that there were not so many people at Cowdray the weekend I was there as one saw a couple of years ago. "We get 600 cars on certain days," Lord Cowdray told me. "But our numbers have slipped in the last few years. We still have the best polo, but people find it such a job getting back to London in the Sunday afternoon traffic."

The club that rescued English polo after the war is launched on another successful season, to judge



Rao Raja Hanut Singh (left) one of the world's best-known polo players, watches his string of ponies ridden out to exercise from his Cowdray Park headquarters

Right: Viscount & Viscountess Cowdray, in the Great Hall of Cowdray Park. Lord Cowdray, who led the post-war polo revival, retired as a player last year, now umpires



The horse blankets carry the Singh crest. Right: Jack Downes, head groom at Mr. Mike Holden White's Polo Cottage stables near Cowdray, was a cowhand in Canada



BRIGGS by Graham

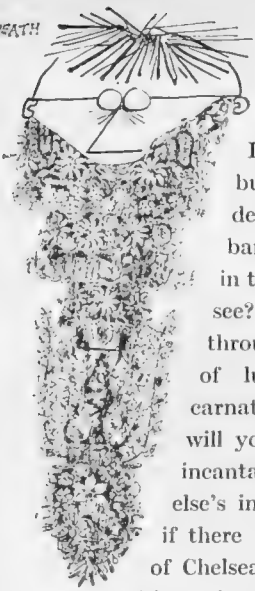
*Cowdray again**from enthusiasm at the Tyro Cup Final*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND O'NEILL



Maharaj Kumar Jai Singh and Maj. J. P. Robinson watch the Tyro Cup final (left) won by Polo Cottage. Below: Cars flanked the course





A GARDEN may be a Lovesome thing, God wot—but how lovesome is a gardener? Pause at a show by a bank of massed lupins to bask in their glory and what will you see? A pair of eyes glowering through them at another bank of lupins. Look deep into a carnation-fancier's heart and what will you find? Only the blackest incantations about somebody else's improved varieties. I doubt if there is another spot within miles of Chelsea this week where so many bitter thoughts will be simmering and darting—except of course at any other flower show.

Once I liked to think that a gardener is someone who stands lost in admiration of Nature's Bounty. But that was before I too joined the triumphant ranks of those who have succeeded, by skill and cunning, in forcing a daffodil bulb to do what it planned to do all along, only quicker. Now I know that in truth a gardener is someone who tends to speak very slightly indeed of Nature if she happens to heap her Bounty on the other side of his fence. Indeed, after one year's active gardening the War of the Roses has come to mean to me a confused vision of men in armour creeping about each other's gardens with tiny polythene bags of greenfly.

"Gardener" is of course a haphazard term. It can be used about any amateur who has ever pressed a seed into the ground, stepped back to watch it grow, and dug it up next morning to see what's keeping it, for heaven's sake. It can also mean the kind of person who knows not only how to build a compost heap, but what to do with it once he's got it—that is, apart from leaving it to fester behind the greenhouse, which is all that anybody I've ever met has achieved with a compost heap. Then there are several sub-varieties.

The Masterful Gardener, usually recognizable at flower shows by his hearty laugh and heavy seat, is one who breaks every rule in his own garden and gets away with it. He will plant rose bushes in a driving snowstorm, humming merrily as he forces their fragile roots into cracks in the frozen earth. He will shove his bulbs in upside down two months after everyone else, only to have them leaping out again in a matter of minutes bearing magnificent blooms. Watch him on a bitter January morning when he decides to wrench out a tender young clematis and move it to the east side of the house. The plant will act in much the same languorous way as a silent film-star being carried off to an oasis on Rudolph Valentino's saddle-bow. Despite having its roots bent double because he couldn't be bothered to

dig a bigger hole, it will be shooting up the wall and peering worshipfully in at his window almost before he's upstairs. His garden is a continual mass of masochistic blooms, asking nothing better than a swift kick from his boot as he strides carelessly along on his way to beat a walnut tree into submission.

The funny thing is that if this type of gardener is let loose on *your* little plot, he quickly turns it into a first-class disaster area. His methods won't work on *your* plants, principally because they are so used to your fawning, sycophantic way with them. He is particularly dangerous with a pair of secateurs—allow *him* to prune your roses and you will have to dig inches into the ground to make certain there is still a despondent piece of root fighting for survival.

If you come across somebody at the show casting a blight on other people's produce, you have probably stumbled on the Gloomy



Nearer to whom in a garden?

—or how lovesome a thing is a gardener?

BY MARY MACPHERSON



Gardener. To him all plants are "her"—and a neurotic, wayward lot of females they are. "*Frost'll get her*". . . . "*She'll never do there*". . . . "*I'd have her out straight away, if I were you.*" So strong is the power of his glance that everywhere you look plants will be listlessly curling up their leaves (or crossly throwing them down, according to character) and lying about on the ground in a tiresome, exhausted way that makes you want to tread on them. Show him a rhododendron you are proud of, and he will look at it long and sadly. "Pity," he will say, "she won't last the winter." He will tell you with glum glee that there is so much lime about that you were lucky to get away with your finger tips. The rhododendron, who up to now had never heard of lime and had been sitting in the sun wishing she were the kind of plant that comes equipped with a sting, immediately begins to turn brown and make her final dispositions. Another perfectly healthy plant ploughed under by the power of thought.

Perhaps you have met a woman who pins you down with a description of a new pep-

pill for harassed house plants. This is probably the Enthusiastic-cum-Scientific Gardener. Once she hears of your difficulties she will never be out of your garden. Mention to this type the sad diagnosis that has been handed out about your rhododendron and the light of battle will glitter in her eye. "We'll bring it through," she says, sounding so like a specialist called in as a last hope that you expect her to snap out a command for forceps and dig around the roots with a scalpel. Chemicals will be sprayed on, dug in—injected, for all you know. She will enjoy herself immensely, but *you* will become sick to death of the rhododendron's whiny ways and defenceless attitude to life. After a week of this hospital-type routine you will probably be sneaking out after dark with a sack of lime on your shoulder.

The Snob Gardener is a variety of which there is one in nearly every village. Everything in *his* garden is upper-class, thoroughbred, true-blue. Everything that shows its head in *yours* is not much better than a second-generation weed whose grandfather made a packet out of compost heaps. Your gladioli will be a vulgar shade, your potatoes of plebian stock. It is only when your common little tomatoes are seen to be lolling drunkenly under a splendid crop that you will at all begin to enjoy his company—even then you will be made to feel there is something uncouth and peasantry about all that fertility.

As for the Professional Gardener the main difficulty is to find him. When you do he is either the jobbing kind who comes by the hour and won't understand a word you say, or the grand kind that comes by the lifetime, understands every word you say, and reacts to your lightest desire as though you had suggested bedding out the salvias in solid concrete.

Both are able to translate freely any order whatsoever, from clipping the hedge to thinning out the lettuces, into an imperative request to plant more Brussels sprouts, and if possible nearer the house. Give either his own way and you will find that the professional idea of a really splendid herbaceous border is a few nervous delphiniums nudged sharply from the rear by stalwart ranks of broccoli. Dig in your heels (metaphorically, that is) and you will find, strangely, that nothing survives for more than a week. Professional gardeners have this unique talent for making a plant lose the will to live. They then accompany their employer round the garden, pointing reproachfully at pathetic piles of withered leaves, and saying, "Spring greens would have done lovely there."

Still, as we gardeners say, there is always another year. Another year of reconnaissance, propaganda and hardening of the arteries. See you at the Flower Show.



PARLIAMENT: Dr. Dieckmann, president of the People's Chamber, photographed in the austere surroundings of the parliamentary auditorium

BERLIN... | *behind the barrier*

Photographed & described by IDA KAR

THE barrier is marked by the Brandenburg Gate on the precise line of demarcation between East and West Berlin. Across that line streams an estimated daily total of 300 refugees from Herr Ulbricht's German Democratic Republic. The figure climbed to more than 5,000 in three days last Easter and in all 2,500,000 people have crossed to the West in the last ten years. In the shadow of the stricken Summit these figures might seem to prove something—from a Western point of view—but a million Germans still live in the Eastern sector of the city and another 16 million in the zone of which it is capital. So what is it like to live in East Berlin? The pictures overleaf show a city in which many war ruins have been preserved as lessons to posterity. A city where passports may have to be produced to buy a cup of coffee, and where foreigners must obtain Ministry permission to buy anything valued at more than 100 marks (about £5). But a city, too, of broad new streets, flats and factories, none the less impressive for the fact that they duplicate an architecture essentially Soviet

PEOPLE: East Berlin teenagers silhouetted against the glare of the fairground in the amusement section of the city's Thalmann Park





SOCIAL REALISM *pays off* for artist Frank Glaser (above) whose paintings glorifying the officially accepted view of the dignity of labour have earned him an elegant flat on East Berlin's archetypal Stalinallee. Less successful is Hermann Näumann (above, right) of Dresden whose work is labelled nonconformist and "advanced." Below, right: The personality cult, frowned on now in Khrushchev's Russia, lingers yet in a perspective of Government leaders lining a street in East Berlin

BERLIN... *behind the barrier*

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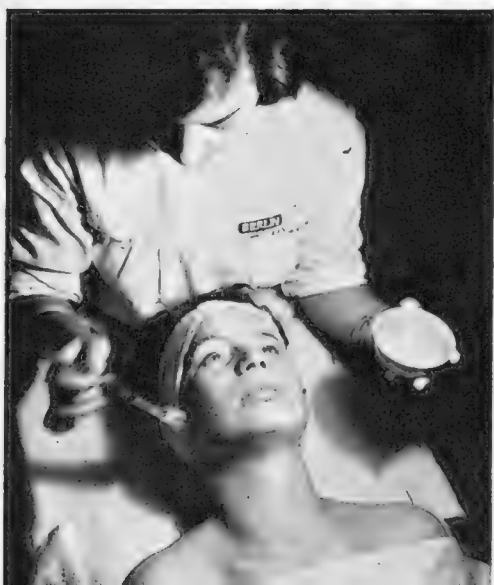




SOCIAL SECURITY is developing along familiar lines with modern nurseries for children and homes for the old, like this one (left) opened in East Berlin last year. There is a separate room for each of the 200-odd old people and an annual holiday of a month in the country. The home is run by committees organized among the inmates and financed by a monthly £5 deduction from State pensions based on previous earnings. The rest is pocket money



SOCIAL INSTINCT for a quick win is catered for by ubiquitous lottery sellers. This one has a selection of 50-mark notes—the usual prize—tucked into his hatband. Below: Beauty parlours find few patrons among hausfraus. Teenagers and actresses are the chief customers



LORD KILBRACKEN:

A point of law at the dairy

IT IS WELL KNOWN that the Irish have long memories, and that the passage of a few decades is very little more than a long summer evening. I had forcible evidence of this the other day when I arrived at Longfield Creamery with the day's milk on the tractor, and it happened that old James Hill was immediately in front of me in the waiting line of carts and trailers.

James, who is over 80, recently resigned the combined office of sexton and bell-ringer at Killegar church which he had held for over 50 years. He began his working life as a labourer at Killegar, but was able in his early twenties to buy a few acres for himself and has worked them ever since. Our lands have a common boundary, or *mearing* as it is known locally, for five or six hundred yards—a ditch with a rough thorn hedge on his side of it.

We fell into conversation as we waited for our turn to deliver our milk, starting, inevitably, with the two mandatory subjects—the weather (fine) and the price of cattle (good). When we had helped one another with our cans, however, and were waiting in the second line—this time, for our skim—James changed the subject so completely that I realized we must be on the point of discussing some business.

"There's an old ellum almost down, on the mearing between your lands and mine," he said. "It leans crossways against its comrade, another old ellum."

I at once knew that James had chosen this moment to decide the ownership of this elm-tree. I had noticed it during the winter and had wondered whether it was mine or James's, but it would only be good for firewood and I'd never got around to discussing it with him. The elm had grown up in the centre of the hedge, and I had guessed, since it was on his side of the ditch, that it would be legally his property.

It's one of a dozen trees planted perhaps a century ago along the mearing. I knew well, and so did James, that the man who proved ownership of one of them would be in a strong legal position to claim them all. Our general subject had been stated but, even now, it would have been a breach of etiquette to get to the root of the matter immediately.

"It's a bad old bit of a tree," said James. "And it's comrade's no better—it'll likely fall *next* winter."

I was puzzled by this gambit, which made me feel almost sure he was going to admit the tree was mine. I thought he must have investigated the legal position and, having found it went against him, was working up to making me an offer for it. I remarked, offhand, that it might be on the rotten side, as old elms often are, but it would keep a cold man warm for a month or two. With timber at its present high price, I added meaningly, there was no knowing what it mightn't fetch.

"It's a fearful danger to your cattle, too,"

said James, ignoring my remark completely. "If a dozen of your heifers chanced to be a-shelterin' there on a black night, they'd come to harm, surely."

I rejoined that if the tree fell the other way it might be *his* cattle that would come to harm surely, even though I didn't quite know, to tell the truth, where my riposte was leading me. I was confirmed in my previous opinion, and was already looking forward to the bargaining which I felt sure would be starting soon. James would begin by offering me two or three pounds, and I'd tell him I'd never dream of taking less than seven or eight. Slowly, the gap between our prices would narrow, and I'd finally sell him the tree for a fiver or thereabouts. However, I had misjudged the situation completely.

"When I bought that land from Mr. Godley, I bought the trees with it," James said, looking me straight in the eyes. I realized without much surprise that he was talking of my great-great-uncle Archibald, who has been dead these 50 years. "Four shillings and tenpence I paid for each tree; it was in '99, for it was two summers, I mind, after the Jubilee."

James allowed this to sink in; he was smiling, but there was perfect openness and frankness in his very clear, very blue old eyes.

"There were two witnesses to the sale, but they're both dead long since," he went on. "Nothing in writing, mind."

He paused once more before bringing himself to the crucial point. "And there was a condition attached to the sale," he finally reluctantly admitted. "I had to cut the trees within six years, or they reverted to Mr. Godley."

I burst out laughing. "But you've let *sixty* years go by, James," I said.

"Aye, 60 summers," he agreed. "My father wouldn't let me cut them—better as shelter for cattle, said he."

At this moment, as though James had purposely arranged it, the cart ahead of us moved on. The time had come for us to collect our skim and, in silence, we again helped one another. I had time to realize what the legal decision would certainly be, if ever the case should come before a court of law. Slowly James led his pony-cart to the roadway outside, where he waited for me; I felt it was for him to make the suggestion, and it wasn't long coming.

"You take half the ellums, and I'll take the other half," he proposed.

"It's a bargain, James," I replied, and we shook hands on it, as is the invariable custom locally. There was nothing in writing, mind, and there were no witnesses *this* time. Later that same day, I heard the sound of axe upon wood; for James, despite his years, is a great hand at tossing a tree, and there's no time like the present for getting a job of work done.

Playing it COOL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL DUNNE

Playing it cool—kind of crazy, too, because you're in an escapist away-from-it-all mood wearing Italian beach clothes that compete for brilliance with sun, sea and sky. Like these tunics by Falconetto of Milan, photographed in Florence. The one on the left is printed with a deep crimson rose on bottle green and has a matching headscarf, 17 gns. and £6 respectively at Harvey Nichols. Its companion is printed in vivid shades of scarlet and puce and also has a matching headscarf. It costs 17 gns. at Liberty's, Regent Street



Playing it **COOL**

continued



Beach towels have graduated to the glamour ranks. No longer mere oblong strips of white Turkish towelling they are expected to do more for a girl these days than to stake her claim on an overcrowded beach. This black circular towel has its message appliquéd in scarlet towelling. The tailored towelling beach coat is in bougainvillæa purple and the little boater has a toning petersham ribbon. All from Glans of Milan, to order only at Harrods, London

Patio clothes are all the rage for the cooler evening hours when camparis are sipped on vine-covered terraces. Princess Irene Galitzine of Rome made the trousers and tunic (opposite) of flamingo pink stub silk. The neckline is richly hand-embroidered with jewels. Exclusive to Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Price. 110 gns. Louis-heeled slippers of golden kid are also from the Galitzine boutique





laying it **COOL**

continued

Silke blouse, trousers and overskirt are from the special boutique collection of resort wear designed by Princess Irene Galitzine of Rome at the invitation of Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge. Eastern influence is plain in the design of the blouse and sash striped in lime green and orchid pink and of the tapering trousers and removable overskirt made in plain matching lime green. The price is 90 gns.

Typical of the slightly mad but always elegant beach wear designed by Princess Galitzine is the turquoise poplin playsuit (*opposite*) with its deep rouleau fringed skirt showing matching shorts beneath. The enormous fringed yellow straw hat is banded with the same vivid-coloured poplin. The playsuit costs 38 gns.





The Marquese Emilio Pucci of Florence, original pace-setter in the resort clothes revolution, made the all-in-one suit (opposite) of elasticized silk shantung for sunset evenings. The low neckline is embroidered with gold thread and jewels and the little boots are made in the same material as the suit, which costs 58 gns. at Woolland's, Knightsbridge

Playing it **COOL** *concluded*

Fresh inspiration by Pucci for a fine floral printed silk jersey sweater worn over a bikini brassiere of the same material which has minute pants hidden by a frill. The bikini and skirt together cost 15 gns. and the sweater costs 16 gns. All are obtainable at Woolland's





Norman Gold

HERE'S a girl with natural sparkle but she's in the dark beauty-wise. She's sampled her first rose lipstick but nobody told her that unless she goes after a style, all the rose lipsticks in the world won't add up to a young grown-up rather than an elderly schoolgirl. And style doesn't mean a pale copy of the sort of looks she admires. It means a calculation of her assets and tuning-in on the right wavelength for her. Experiment is the working word here.

If you're an under-20 with a goodlooking face, don't relax—zero hour might strike the day your looks decide to rest on *their* laurels. Moral: Cherish your face in private, then you can forget it.

For the young girl who has the brand of looks that get lost in a crowd the lesson is: Don't pile on the agony with too much make-up. You can achieve a degree of distinction with shined hair, a clean clear skin and perfection-level make-up.

More probable for an under-20 girl is a special snag of her own. But this is 1960 and the test-tube has conquered all. What follows is a brief analysis of techniques and products that settle most problems:

Hair. . . . If it's difficult, one of these should help. Oily hair needs a wash every five days with a shampoo geared to help (good: *Hanri Sea Foam*). Rinse away every trace of shampoo with a final splashing tinged

Young and in the dark?

GOOD LOOKS

BY

ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

with vinegar. Hair that wants a wash can be freshened with Kisby dry shampoo from Roberts, New Bond Street. Or use a brush sheathed with a stocking. Fly-away hair needs a beer rinse to add body. Extra dry? Try warm olive oil rubbed into the scalp.

Face. . . . Never use anything but the mildest soap on skin (Personality's turtle oil and lanoline soap), unless it's greasy and inclined to acne. Then use Genatosan's *Skin Bar*, which is a powerful cleanser, and follow up with their new *Medac*, which is like a non-greasy vanishing cream and masks blemishes, acts as a basis for powder. Atkinson's *Skinfare* is bland and moistening for a young dry skin and works a minor miracle in a short time. Use astringent only for an oily skin—it will generally be too harsh for a dry one. A skin-freshener is the rule for an unmoist surface. Cleansing scores for all skin types. Well-loved but maybe news to you are Revlon's *Clean and Clear*, and Anne French *Cleansing Milk*.

You'll never feel the same again about the excitement of experimenting with colour. But don't throw your hat over a windmill for the brightest—it may not be the best for you. Try the new brown lipsticks and a new palette of eye colours by Jane Seymour which holds a stunning turquoise, a luring silver and a pale green (six colours for 2s. 6d.).



ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM: PRISCILLA CONRAN

puts you in the pictures

A Chardin reproduced by the Fiehl method costs 10 gns. (including frame) at the Louvre Galleries



Braque print from the Soho Gallery, published by Braun, Le Grand Guéridon is vividly coloured, costs 3 gns.



Edward Bawden lino-cut of Lindsell Church costs 15 gns. at Zwemmers



Madeleine Pearson original of Hong Kong Harbour: £30 from the A.I.A.



Edwin La Dell lithograph of St. John's, Cambridge, is a cool mixture of blues and greens: 7 gns. from the St. George's Gallery

Intelligence Report

The reproductions above emphasize both a reviving interest in art and the fact that it is no longer necessary to spend up to £500 a time to become a collector of good pictures. Scientific copies can be found in print form at the Soho and its associate Pallas or on canvas at the Louvre (by the Fiehl process which claims an all but perfect reproduction of the masters' brush strokes). Limited editions of 50 or less lithographs, lino and woodcuts, etchings and engravings are located at Zwemmers and the St. George's Gallery. In addition the Artists' International Association run a picture lending library that you can join by annual subscription.

The Soho Gallery, Soho Square, and the Pallas Gallery, Albemarle Street, have a miscellaneous collection drawn from the French publishers Braun who print only French masters, the German firm Hanfstaengl and the New York Graphic Society, in addition to their own prints. They advise on print-framing and will provide a complete print catalogue on request.

The Louvre of Duke Street and New Bond Street houses Fiehl prints—mostly flower,

landscape and small portraits from all periods by internationally famed artists. Prices include the frame which is designed to partner the picture.

Zwemmers Art Gallery, Litchfield Street (off Charing Cross Road) hold a continuous collection of paintings and sculpture and have a library of New Edition prints. This is an enormous collection of original prints by modern artists like John Piper, Michael Rothenstein, Bernard Cheese, Edward Bawden and Alistair Grant which cost 5-15 gns. unframed. They also have Soho, Pallas and Ganymede prints—mostly of Impressionists, Post-Impressionists and moderns.

St. George's Gallery, Cork Street, is also famed for original prints (often lithographs) and contributing artists include John Piper, Edwin La Dell, Ceri Richards and Julian Trevelyan.

The Artists' International Association, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, numbers about 300 artists who keep it supplied with a wide range of contemporary art to be bought or hired by library members. An annual subscription costs 1 gn. with a subsequent 10s. for each picture hired per month.

An ambassador's art

Prince Schwarzenberg is the Austrian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Here he is seen at the Embassy with items from his wide-ranging collection of art treasures

PHOTOGRAPHS: GERTI DEUTSCH



Prince Johannes Schwarzenberg has been Austria's ambassador since 1955. He is a man of many artistic interests. He loves music and plays the piano himself beautifully. He is also a keen collector, especially of Etruscan things. Consequently his rooms at the Embassy in Belgrave Square are full of fascinating ornaments—a Roman head here, copied from a Greek original in the Parthenon, a showcase of old Viennese porcelain there. These pictures show some of the collection. But the ambassador insists that the scenes of leisure they suggest are misleading—diplomacy keeps him so busy that he rarely has an opportunity to indulge his interests. He spends most of his time at his desk



Portrait bust of Octavia, wife of Mark Antony (whom he left for Cleopatra)

Left: The Ambassador with portrait of Empress Maria Teresa, & Roman head

Opposite: With some of his collection of green Etruscan bronzes (in showcases)

Below: In the cabinet is a Chinese horseman in clay, of the T'ang dynasty







The play **Ross.** Haymarket Theatre. (Alec Guinness, Harry Andrews, Anthony Nicholls.)

The films **Suddenly, Last Summer.** Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Elizabeth Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Montgomery Clift.) **The Rise And Fall Of Legs Diamond.** Director Budd Boetticher. (Ray Danton, Karen Steele, Elaine Stewart.) **The Challenge.** Director John Gilling. (Jayne Mansfield, Anthony Quayle, Carl Mohner, Peter Reynolds.) **The Mountain Road.** Director Daniel Mann. (James Stewart, Lisa Lu, Henry Morgan.) **The House Of Intrigue.** Director Duilio Coletti. (Curt Jurgens, Dawn Addams, Folco Lulli.)

The records **The Wonderful World of Jazz.**

The Hard Swing

J. J. In Person, by J. J. Johnson.

Get Those Elephants Out'a Here, by the Mitchells.

The Eddie Costa Quintet.

The Jazz Scene, by Bud Freeman and Ruby Braff.

Two-Beat Style, by Phil Napoleon.

The books

The Leopard, by the Prince of Lampedusa (Collins, Harvill, 16s. 6d.).

The Journal Of A Man Of Letters, by Paul Léautaud (Chatto & Windus, 25s.).

Nancy Astor, by Maurice Collis (Faber, 21s.).

The gallery

Austrian Painting & Sculpture, 1900-1960. Arts Council Gallery.



Mr. Rattigan explains Ross

PEOPLE WHO KNEW THE MYSTERIOUS man romantically ennobled by the newspapers as Lawrence of Arabia held widely differing opinions as to his character and achievements. Some (who spoke with high authority) maintained that his organization of a haphazard Arab revolt against the Turks into a formidable threat to the rear of the Turkish Army engaging Allenby's forces in Arabia stamped him as a military genius of Napoleonic calibre.

At the other end of the scale were those who considered that his seemingly perverse desire to seek anonymity in the ranks of the Air

Force and the Tank Corps after the war revealed that the fellow was a charlatan well versed in the gentle art of backing shyly into the lime-light. There was general agreement on only one thing. That, genius or exhibitionist, he was profoundly unhappy.

Many books and articles have been written by his adulators and his denigrators; and the effect of them has been to leave readers no wiser in the end than they were in the beginning. Facts have qualified facts, arguments countered arguments; and Lawrence has remained an enigma.

But a playwright entering the lists with a dramatic portrait has an enormous advantage over merely polemical writers. If only he can give exciting stage life to the creature of his imagining the audience are in no position to resist his findings. This Mr. Terence Rattigan has beyond question managed to do in **Ross**; and all who see this fine play, which is finely acted and finely directed at the Haymarket Theatre, will carry away with them the obstinate, if irrational impression that they know exactly why the heroic organizer of desert victory wanted so desperately after the war to hide his former identity from himself in an army number.

Mr. Rattigan's sense of the theatre works unfailingly in this play. He introduces his hero as a Royal Air Force recruit up on a charge of

overstaying his leave and showing off at the expense of a well-meaning but over-earnest flight lieutenant. The incident reveals to another ranker, though not to the flight lieutenant, the identity of the new recruit, and the sharp-eyed product of a second-rate public school hastens to sell his information to the newspapers. Meanwhile, Lawrence (having sufficiently revealed his gentleness, his fatalism and his mysterious unhappiness), sleeping off an attack of malaria, dreams himself back into his desert past.

Scenes of desert fighting reminiscent of *The Flag Lieutenant* sort of drama (except that they are incomparably better devised and presented) are interspersed with meetings in Cairo with Allenby and Storrs. These are delightfully pungent comedy beautifully played by Sir Alec Guinness as Lawrence, Mr. Harry Andrews as Allenby and Mr. Anthony Nicholls as Storrs. The point of them is Allenby's civilized understanding of the queer, donnish, utterly unmilitary character he intends to use ruthlessly for his own military purposes.

It is Mr. Rattigan's belief that Lawrence's weakness was not his playful tendency to exhibitionism but the faith he placed on his own power of will to overcome apparently insuperable obstacles. He makes this good by inventing a sinister Turkish military governor who understands this weakness in his

adversary. When Lawrence happens to fall into his hands he makes it his business to break this will. Having broken it by ruthless torture he releases his prisoner, confident that the Arab revolt has lost its mainspring. His well-founded calculation breaks down on the astuteness of Allenby, who finds a way of shaming Lawrence into going on with his job.

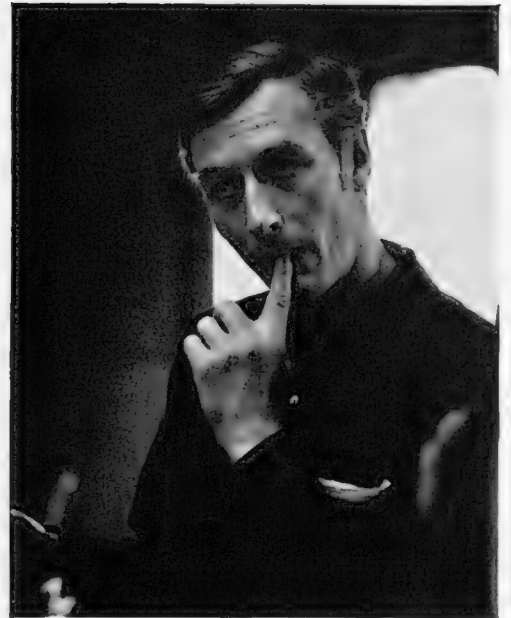
Going on, the mentally crippled guerilla leader finds himself unforgettably embroiled in cruel counter-reprisals and in the necessity of shooting his wounded friends to save them from capture.

It is the indelible stamp of these horrors that leaves Lawrence at the end of the war in flight from himself, without the will-power in which he had vainly put his trust, and without hope of spiritual peace.

Sir Alec Guinness is perfectly at home in such a character. The exactness of his playing is a joy to watch, whether Lawrence is treating his military superiors with gentle intellectual patronage or is maintaining among the Arabs an air of aloof wisdom which masks his inner conviction that he is promising them more than his masters will later be prepared to pay. Mr. Harry Andrews's sketch of Allenby, done with distinction, poise and a nice sense of humour, is a separate joy; and the rest of the company, skilfully handled by Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, do magnificent team work.

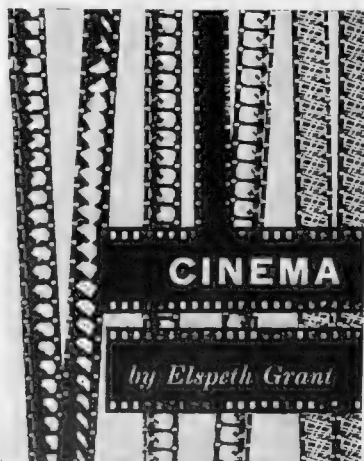
John Neville changes roles

New venture for John Neville (right) whose production of *King Henry V* will open at the Old Vic next Tuesday. This is his first production for the theatre which saw his emergence as a leading Shakespearean actor and rehearsals have had to be fitted in with his filming commitment as Lord Alfred Douglas in the Gregory Ratoff version of the two Oscar Wilde films now being made. Pictures by Crispian Woodgate



Above: Studying costume designs were Wendy Williams (*Alice*), Donald Houston (*Henry V*), and Judi Dench (*Katherine*). Looking over their shoulders is Gerald James (*Fluellen*), and Norman Scase is in the background. Right: Choosing wigs and beards, John Neville, Margaret Bury, who designed the costumes, her husband John Bury, the set designer, and Walter Hudd, who plays the King of France





Too dreadful to believe

SOME SEE GREAT COMPASSION in the works of Mr. Tennessee Williams. I see none in **Suddenly, Last Summer**. In fact, on this showing, I would judge Mr. Williams to be about as compassionate as those seabirds which, as he vividly and with relish describes, gorge on the entrails of their helpless prey. He seems to take a savage delight in tearing his characters apart—and to assume that we are morbid enough to enjoy watching him at it.

Allowing that there is some masterly writing in the film, and that the acting—especially of Miss Katharine Hepburn and Miss Elizabeth Taylor—is nothing short of brilliant, I still feel that it falls short of its objective, which is (surely?) to make one's flesh creep. The director, conspiring enthusiastically with the author to this end, has thrown in so many unnecessary horrors that finally one can dismiss the film as too deliberately macabre to be believed, or to move one.

A rich widow, Miss Hepburn, invites a young neuro-surgeon, Mr. Montgomery Clift, to perform an operation on the brain of her niece, Miss Taylor—to cut out of her mind the memory of how the

widow's son Sebastian died, suddenly, last summer.

Sebastian, according to his mother, was a godlike creature, a poet of genius, chaste as snow—and he died of a heart attack while on holiday in Spain with Miss Taylor. The shock, says the widow, was too much for the girl: she developed hallucinations and had to be confined in a mental home (run, as one sees, by sadistic nuns).

Mr. Clift is reluctant to operate until he has convinced himself that it is absolutely necessary. Miss Taylor is transferred to the overcrowded lunatic asylum to which he is attached—chiefly, I felt, to provide us with two ghastly and blood-curdling scenes, one on the male side and one on the female side of this grim place.

At last, under the influence of Mr. Clift and a mysterious drug, the shattered Miss Taylor pulls herself together—and out comes the hideous truth which Miss Hepburn would have done anything to suppress. The late Sebastian was a homosexual: his mother and cousin served as decoys for him—luring into his clutches young men whom he carelessly discarded when he had no further use for them. In Spain, last summer, he had amused himself with a horde of fierce, starving youths—who, suddenly one day, turned on him like a pack of ravening wolves, pursued him to a hilltop and, under Miss Taylor's terrified eyes, killed and devoured him.

Miss Taylor's beautiful face, superimposed on the misty flashbacks that illustrate her dreadful story, compellingly expresses the agony attendant upon recollection: I think this is the best performance she has ever given.

With **The Rise And Fall Of Legs Diamond**, we are back in the gangster-ridden 1920's, when the protection racket flourished. "Legs" (so called because he was originally a dancer) is played by Mr. Ray

Danton as an elegant smoothy, full of charm, guile and self-confidence. After serving a jail sentence for a New York jewel robbery, he joins a mob of protection racketeers, and as he can shoot with both hands while the others can only shoot with one or t'other, he is soon boss of the outfit and doing fine.

He does get shot-up occasionally but survives so regularly that he kides himself the bullet isn't made that can kill him. He is proved wrong. Crime must not eventually be allowed to pay—but the film suggests that a gangster's life, though short, is a rewarding one. This is not an idea I like to see put about.

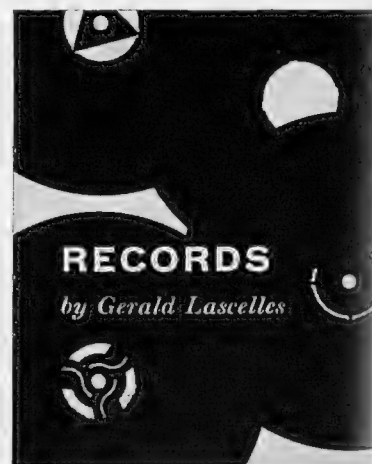
Miss Jayne Mansfield figures (the exact word) in **The Challenge** as a female mobster. She wheedles honest Mr. Anthony Quayle into assisting her gang in a bullion robbery. It's pulled off successfully and Miss Mansfield makes a quick getaway with Mr. Quayle and all the loot—which, for some reason that escaped me, she allows him to bury in a hiding place known only to himself.

On returning to his home after the night's work, he finds the police waiting for him: he has been "shopped" by one of Miss Mansfield's chums. Five years in jail make him resolve to keep the hidden treasure for himself. Miss M. and the gang are, of course, equally resolved that he shall do no such thing—and this leads to the kidnapping of Mr. Quayle's six-year-old son and a great deal of violence I could well have done without.

Mr. James Stewart stars in **The Mountain Road** as a major in charge of a demolition squad aiming to check the Japanese advance in China, in 1944, by blowing up bridges, roads and ammunition dumps. He is under the impression that he is helping the Chinese—and when some of them make it clear they don't appreciate his help, he

blows up a Chinese village. "I don't know why I did that: it must have been a sense of power that took hold of me," he says, thoughtfully. Oh, dear! I hope the boys with their fingers on the H-bomb will never be similarly affected.

In a muddled, maddening way, **The House of Intrigue** tells how German Intelligence (Herr Curt Jurgens in charge) put one over on British Intelligence during the war. Miss Dawn Addams is supposed to sort the matter out. She must be a very clever girl if she can. I couldn't.



Jazz for all—or none?

MIXTURES OF JAZZ, EMBRACING ALL the basic styles that existed over a 30-year span, can be as unpalatable as an American breakfast, wherein the marmalade always manages to get mixed up with the fried eggs. The well-meaning editor of **This wonderful world of jazz** (BBL7356) has simply tried too hard to push in something for every taste. Many of the selections are not important enough to take their place in a potted history of the subject, and consequently I doubt whether the quality or quantity is sufficient to please individual tastes. People are



NEW LIPSTICK COLOURS—NEW LOOK!

CORNALINE new triumph for BLONDES

BOIS de ROSE new perfection for BRUNETTES

CAROUBIER new success for REDHEADS

Rouge and Varnish to match

LANCÔME

long-suffering when it comes to meeting the whims of the record makers, but these hotch-potches are becoming too common. Two notable tracks are Bechet's *Buddy Bolden stomp* and Horace Silver's *To beat or not to beat*.

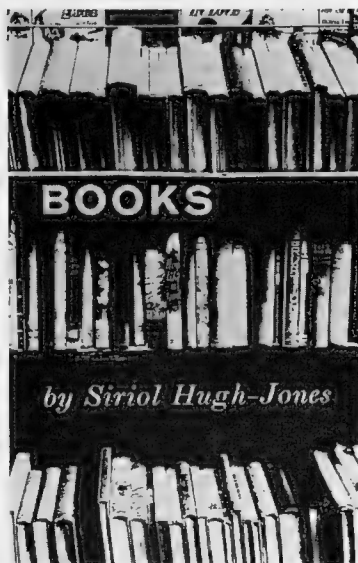
Another mixed bag, but this time only of the omelette variety, is called **The hard swing** (LAE12152). It consists of a series of quintets, all playing modern jazz of that superficially slick type which is not at all to my taste. I seriously doubt whether the style or the music will last, with the possible exception of the Jazz Messengers, under the leadership of that showman-drummer, Art Blakey. The most coherent soloists are pianists Kenny Drew, tenorist Harold Land, and the probing baritone of Pepper Adams.

An unusual gathering is that of the jazz clan Mitchell, especially when their nicknames so patriotically spell out Red (piano and bass), Whitey (bass), and Blue (trumpet). Aided and abetted by Ranak's trombone and Previn's piano, not to mention Mr. Adams again with his deep honking baritone, it is not surprising that their album is tagged **at those elephants out'a here** (IGM-CS03). They shift them with much musicianly aplomb that I suspect elephants are the greatest of the obstacles which could bar their progress to the top of the jazz ladder. The music has a superbly relaxed feeling, and carries with it a refreshingly new approach.

Freshness is also the keynote of the Eddie Costa group (25/017), in which Top Rank present not only an up-and-coming pianist, but also the work of trumpeter Art Farmer and altoist Phil Woods. Each is dominant in his field. This is East Coast jazz at its best. The one can be said of J. J. Johnson's

J. in person (TFL5041), that unique five-piece band which boasts at Adlerly on cornet and J. J. on trombone as a front line of size and grace. Even diehards who think of trombone jazz in terms of Teagarden, Ory and Higginbotham should be able to derive the same delight as I do from Mr. Johnson's graceful, fluid playing, which has transformed the instrument's role in recent years. To attempt the impossible means nothing to these two horn-blowers—the important thing is that they succeed all the time.

Two glimpses into the past reveal **Two beat style** (YEP9514) as a bouncing carriage for Phil Napoleon's Emperors, and **The jazz scene** (GEP 8783) which features that greatest of all white saxophonists, Bud Freeman, backed by the effortless trumpeter Ruby Braff. Both open the door to better understanding of fundamental jazz, with the latter outstanding as a jazz interpreter.



It's a long way from Stendhal

CLEARLY THERE IS SOMETHING which I am missing in *The Leopard*. It's rather splendid that it was written by the Prince of Lampedusa, who worked on the theme for 25 years before approaching death hurried him into daring to put pen to paper. It's amiably euphoric to wander peaceably through this immensely civilized, soothing book, full of spirited descriptions of food and hunting. And for all I know there are—there must be—people who knew what the whole thing was about and hung grimly on till the last page, following the plot closely all the way.

As for me, I gathered it was a tale of changing social values in Sicily at the time of the Risorgimento, and beyond that I could tell you little, though my eyes travelled briskly down page after page and my mind resolutely refused to register any sort of sense at all.

Maybe to a Sicilian, or even to somebody capable of reading *The Leopard* in the original Italian—which may well be extremely beautiful—this book perhaps comes something nearer to the masterpiece it has been called. Few universal shouts of praise have rung round the book columns lately in a more joyous and invigorating manner. I only wish I had the faintest idea of what it was all about.

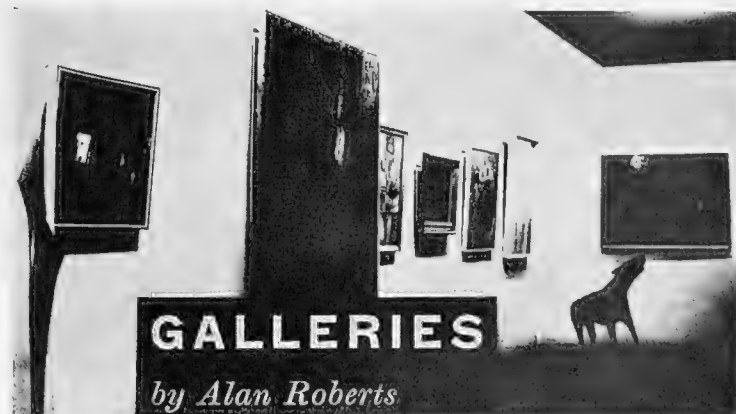
The author of *The Leopard* was a Stendhal admirer. So was Paul Léautaud, who died in 1956 and had become famous at the very end of his life because of a series of broadcasts. **The Journal of a Man of Letters**, translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury, has been universally admired and the author much praised for his ruthless honesty, his lack of sentimentality, his clear-sighted vision of himself. I can only record, in a spirit of

mingled shame, sorrow and slight resentment at the fun everyone else seems to be having, that to me the book seemed cross-patch, disgruntled, faintly dotty, and revealing a strong element of "They told me you had been to her, and mentioned me to him. . . ." Maybe all I needed was a list of characters with brief biographical notes; as it is, one runs the risk of feeling like someone who got asked to a rather peevish party where introductions were not considered the thing.

Nancy Astor, by Maurice Collis, is such a marvellous subject for a biography that maybe one is unfair to her amiable, uncritical, somewhat overdazzled remembrancer for not providing a more profound picture. Lady Astor looks out from the jacket, brisk and beady-eyed and giving nothing away—one gathers that while the book was actually being written she chose to view it as some sort of eccentric game. Mr. Collis pops down some goodish funny stories, tells us

soothingly that the whole bothering business of the Cliveden Set was just a horrid fable dreamed up by the *Daily Worker*, and generally presents his heroine as a witty madcap with an engaging habit of shocking the stuffed shirts out of their wits.

It seems to me she must be something more complex, less of a card, more of a real war-chariot with sharpened knives fixed to the wheels. What made her the way she was and is? Mr. Collis doesn't really try to explain. It's said that she light-heartedly proposed marriage to Adlai Stevenson at a party two years ago when she was 78, and the cautious Mr. Stevenson said he would prefer to hang on and wait for someone more mature. It's a shame she came too late to lead the great current Teenage Rebellion. Somewhere around this book I thought I caught glimpses of a fairly frightening lady, but Mr. Collis mostly keeps her penned in with smiles and jollity and lots of sharp back-answers to hecklers.



You're wrong Dr. Hofmann

BEFORE THE AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION opened at the Arts Council gallery I asked several of my critical colleagues to name as many Austrian artists as they could think of. All started off with Kokoschka and all included the sculptor Georg Ehrlich. But between them all, they could give me only eight names, which was nearly twice as many as I could think of myself. Not until I saw the exhibition, however, did I realise how unforgivable our ignorance was.

It is impossible, of course, to cover 60 years of any country's art history with fewer than 100 paintings and 25 pieces of sculpture, but an impressive cross-section of the main developments since the days of the *Jugendstil* (Youth Style) of the '90s, has been provided.

Kokoschka, who is represented here only by a portrait and two of his less striking landscapes, is said by Dr. Werner Hofmann, who writes the introduction to the catalogue, to be "the artist generally considered the most truly representative of 20th-century

Austria." But this general opinion is wrong. Kokoschka is both the best and the best-known Austrian painter, but this exhibition makes quite clear that he is not representative of Austrian art today. Only wishful thinking can make it seem that he has had a great influence on the younger Austrian artists.

The idea of direct, purely Austrian links between the artists of the *Jugendstil* and those of the present is a cosy one and no doubt considerable circumstantial evidence can be quoted in support of it. But where the action painters, *tachistes* and abstract impressionists and expressionists (of which Austria seems to have more than her fair share) are concerned, the American influence is clearly as virulent as it is everywhere else in Europe.

Much more interesting as a national phenomenon is the group of Fantastic Realists—Fuchs, Hausner, Lehmden, Gütersloh and Hutter. They have in common an "old master" style but each has a highly individual vision.



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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

maker and had no workshop; if Hepplewhite had, there is no known piece of furniture by him in existence. While Chippendale was only one among many equally renowned contemporaries and was never patronized by royalty. All three published books—but so did most of the others—yet their books have become Mr. Everyman's guide to 18th-century furniture.

Thomas Chippendale the elder lived from 1718 to 1779 and published *The Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director* in 1754. Surviving accounts definitely show him to have supplied furniture to Dumfries House, Ayrshire; Nostell Priory and Harewood in Yorkshire; Wilton House; and Mersham Hatch in Kent. Almost all other Chippendale furniture is an attribution, though the circumstantial evidence in his favour is often irrefutable.

Shown here are two examples of furniture that Mr. Everyman

would probably refer to as Chippendale. In fact the secretaire (left) was made by T. Silk (1772-1796) and the bureau by Philip Bell. Both craftsmen had their workshops in St. Paul's Churchyard and the origin of these two pieces is established by the makers' trade labels still to be found inside.

Philip Bell (circa 1740-1774) was a contemporary of the elder Chippendale as were Giles Grendey (1693-1780), William Hallett (1707-1781), Vile and Cobb who supplied many of the pieces in the royal collection up to 1778, Ince & Mayhew (circa 1758-1800), Robert Manwaring (circa 1765), John Linnell (died 1796) and many others who, between them, supplied the so-called Chippendale furniture to so many of the great houses.

Hepplewhite's *Guide* was published posthumously in 1788 and Sheraton (1751-1806) published his *Drawing Book* between 1791 and 1794. Their great

contemporary designers and makers were Robert Adam, William France, Robert Gillow, Chippendale the younger, Charles Elliott, and Peter Langlois.

Obviously there is scope for a great deal of confusion so it is well to be quite clear that the names of the famous three are used primarily to denote a style of furniture. Their use does not imply manufacture by them or even during their lifetime; it denotes only furniture made in accordance with their designs.



Kaymond Fortt



John Arthur

EVERYONE has heard of the famous three designers of the 18th century—Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton—the only three to have assumed the royal prerogative of giving their names to a style. We talk of Queen Anne, George I and II, Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton, Regency, and George IV—George III seems to have been arbitrarily deposed by The three. This is all the more curious in that, of the three, Sheraton was never a cabinet

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MOTORING

Briefings for tourists

by
GORDON
WILKINS

AS THE GREAT ANNUAL EXODUS of foreign-touring motorists gets under way, a spate of literature and maps pours from the presses to guide them. Never have tourist attractions or places to eat and drink been so meticulously documented. After all, if Samuel Chamberlain is really going to follow up his sumptuous *Gastronomic Tour of the French Provinces* with a book on England, it is clear that prejudice is being thrown to the winds and no stone is being left unturned.

From such costly volumes through to free guide books, the choice has never been so great. For basic information, the A.A. and R.A.C. foreign touring guides still take first place with the vast numbers who still pay cheerfully for their foreign touring service though foreign touring documents are no longer needed (except for visits to those three backward countries Spain, Portugal and Great Britain). The R.A.C. guide has been rewritten and redesigned in a remarkably bright style this year. In the vast store of information contained I notice a sinister warning about Spain, where apparently the Green Card does not guarantee freedom from unpleasantness in event of accident.

If you should have an accident in Italy and leave the car to follow you home by train, leave its Carta Carburante, too, or it may not be allowed to leave the country. And when on holiday don't post your films home to be developed; it seems the British authorities charge customs duty on them.

The R.A.C. guide now includes a section on Russia and both guides provide copious information on car ferries in places like Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Norway and Denmark, with details of the trains that take you through the Alpine tunnels, but not a word about the most important services of all—the sea and air services across the Channel. Last year I carried *The Motor Yearbook* for this information, but this year they too have omitted it. It is difficult to believe that the sea and air services connecting this island with the outside world are in such a chaotic state that not even the barest outline of their timetables can be printed in a guide.

However, although I shall no longer take *The Motor Yearbook* abroad, it stays on my desk as an indispensable guide to things like car specifications, prices and performance, club officials and

addresses, race results and speed records and car production figures.

From it I learn that whereas the United States has one car for every three people, and we have one to 11, Rumania has one to 1,800, India one to 2,000 and China one to 21,000, so there must still be a lot of uncrowded roads in the world, although they are doubtless rather rough and narrow. (Temple Press Ltd., 7s. 6d.).

Few experienced travellers need any introduction to the *Michelin Guide* to France, and the guide to Italy is now available in this country, with the same concise but comprehensive information on hotels, restaurants, tourist attractions, and the same beautifully drawn town plans. It has a special supplement on Rome and the Olympic Games. (*News Chronicle* Book Dept., 18s. 8d. post free.)

The petrol companies now go in for this business of aid to tourists in a big way. Last year 35,000 British motorists took advantage of the BP foreign touring service and their 1960 kit is the most ambitious I have seen so far. For 10s. BP filling stations produce a gay plastic bag containing material which should fill many happy evenings for those who like to plan their movements in advance. It includes the rally-type navigator illustrated above. After the tour is over it can be used for shopping lists, or telephone notes.

They also have a *Touring Guide* of 336 pages (10s.), which seems to be strong on things to eat and drink, a map of Europe, free personal accident policy, a set of coupons which can be exchanged abroad for local maps and souvenirs, and a 12-language conversation guide.

Foldex, who produce those convenient Index-fold maps, have published a *pocket plan of central Paris* with street index. It shows one-way streets and areas where parking is restricted and costs 3s. 6d. or 4s. 6d. with plan of the Metro and guide to amusements. They also have new maps of Spain and Portugal.

Finally, for those who stay on this side of the Channel, National Benzole filling stations are selling new maps of six popular touring areas: Kent & Sussex, N. Devon & Somerset, Cornwall & S. Devon, North Wales, and Central Scotland, all at 2½ miles to the inch, and the Lake District at 2 miles to the inch. Recommended touring routes are marked. They cost 2s. each.

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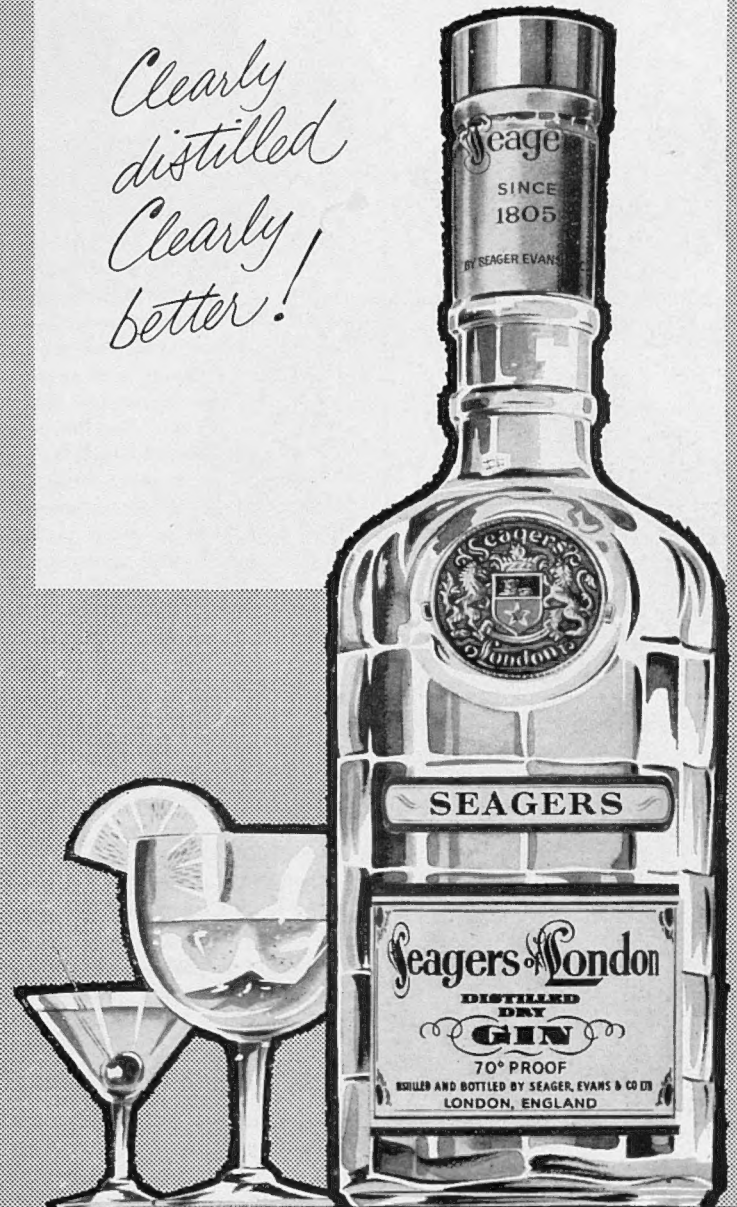
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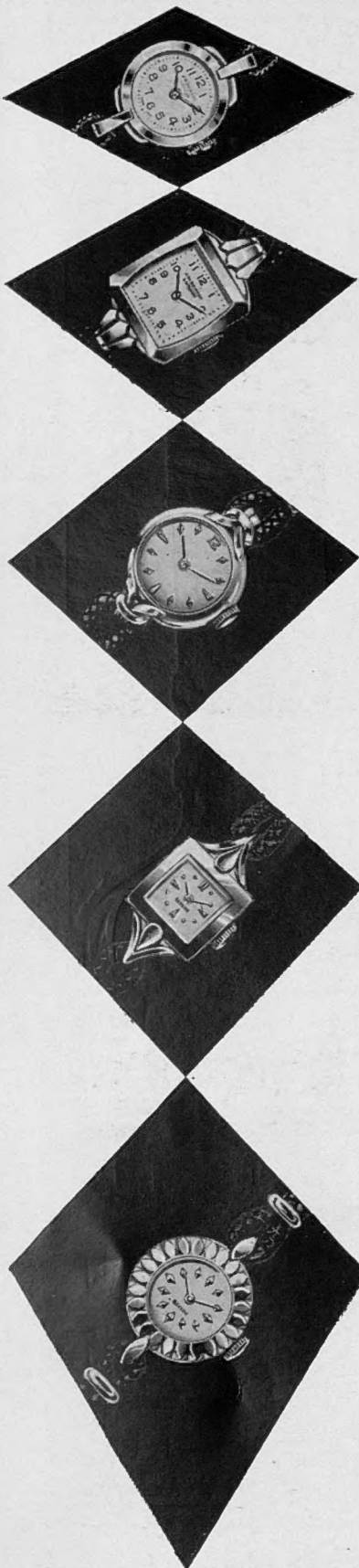
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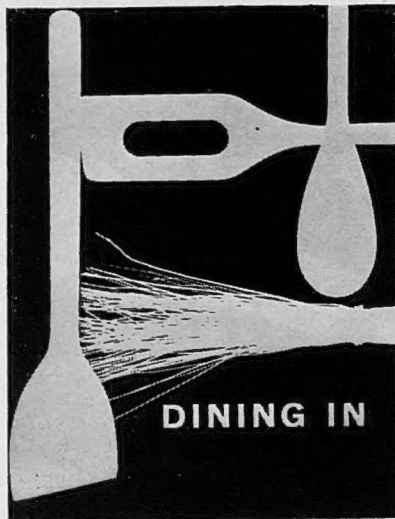
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Success with salmon-trout

by HELEN BURKE

I SUPPOSE IT IS THE DREAM OF ALL ambitious cooks and good carvers to cook and serve a whole ham or a whole salmon. Of the two a whole salmon-trout is much more possible. It can be cooked much more easily and makes a brave show. While no salmon-trout or grilse can approximate a whole salmon, whether served hot or cold, a good salmon-trout, at its prime just now, may be better than a salmon which is past its best.

Recently, at a party where the cold table was a joy to behold, I had a look at a whole salmon, salmon steaks and a whole salmon-trout, and settled for the last. I was not disappointed. So let us have a salmon-trout. They range from 1 lb. to 5 lb. in weight. One of 3 to 4 lb. should serve six people well and whatever little tasty bits are left over can be turned into a *mousse* for a day or two later.

Have the fishmonger clean it for you. Wash it well and place it in a fish kettle with cold *court bouillon* or water to cover it. Some folk will not have *court bouillon* at any price; others would not dream of poaching a salmon or salmon-trout otherwise. In this matter it is everyone to his own liking.

If you want the *court bouillon*, start with 3 quarts of water. Add 2 tablespoons of white wine vinegar, one or two sliced carrots, a sliced small onion, a piece of bay leaf, a small sprig of thyme, three to four parsley stalks, a dessert-spoon of salt and several bruised peppercorns. Cover, bring to the boil and simmer for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Strain into the fish kettle and leave to become cold.

Lower the fish on its drainer into the cold stock and slowly bring it to the boil. At once, reduce the heat so that the liquid barely moves. Simmer for 10 minutes. Leave the fish to become cold in its stock, then lift it out and drain it well. Place it on an enamelled tray or other suitable large dish.

Cut off and reserve the head and tail, then skin the fish. Cut through the underside and open the salmon-trout out flat. Remove the main and other bones.

On the dish on which the fish is to be served, pour a very thin layer of mayonnaise to which a little aspic has been added. Slip the dish into the refrigerator until it is set.

Now carefully place the folded fish in position with the head and tail re-joined to it, as it were. Spoon over it a little well-flavoured liquid aspic. Have ready several long leaves of tarragon, dipped into boiling water for a minute, then into cold and dried. Dip them into liquid aspic and decorate the trout with them, together with really pink shelled prawns and thinly sliced pimento-stuffed queen olives in whatever design one's artistic sense demands—but rather too little than too much.

Surround with emptied small tomatoes filled with macedoine of vegetables dressed with mayonnaise, alternating them with "curls" of cucumber, slices of hard-boiled eggs and more sliced olives. "Curls" of cucumber? Simply cut thin slices of cucumber half-way through, then turn the points away from each other.

Another, and probably more easily-handled way, is to place the fillets diagonally on a platter large enough to take the whole course. On one side, pile up potato salad dressed with diluted mayonnaise or sauce vinaigrette with a generous amount of chopped chives in it. On the other side, arrange halved hard-boiled eggs just as they are, or remove the yolks, mash them with anchovy fillets and pile the mixture into the whites. Scatter through them sliced stuffed olives and whole black ones. Garnish with cucumber and quarters of Cos lettuce. A wonderfully attractive dish and extremely good to eat.

Pass with it a good but not too stiff mayonnaise. If you are accustomed to making mayonnaise, try adding a whipped egg white for three yolks. This makes a lighter mayonnaise—and you get more for your oil. Those who do not like the taste of olive oil can use arachide (peanut) or maize oil instead.

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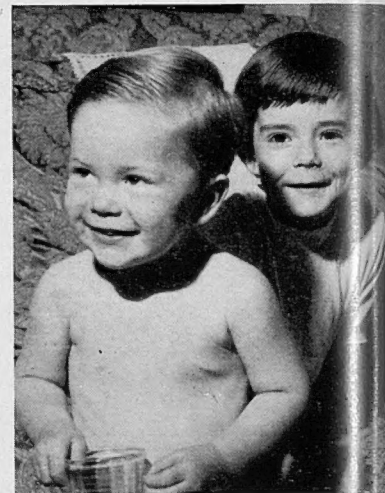
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